

SICK FOR TEN YEARS.

Constant Backache, Dropsy and Severe Bladder Trouble.

Fred W. Harris, of Chestnut St., Jefferson, Ohio, says: "For over ten years I suffered from kidney disease. The third year my feet and hands would swell and remain puffed up for days at a time. I seemed to have a constant backache. Finally I got so bad that I was laid up in bed with several doctors in attendance. I thought surely I would die. I changed medicine and began using Doan's Kidney Pills when I was still in bed. The relief I found was so great that I kept on until I had taken about ten boxes. The kidney secretions became natural and after years of misery I was cured. I have increased in weight, and show no symptoms of my former trouble."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEFT THE BABY BEHIND.

The Nurse Had the Carriage, But the "Baby" Was Missing.

Mrs. Maud Miller Hipple, whose advocacy of a course in "motherhood" for young matrons has already begun to bear good fruit, was talking of the duties of young mothers.

"And no young mother," she said, "no matter how many her millions nor how high her station, should trust her little one entirely to a nurse's care. A nurse may be the most intelligent, most conscientious; but to rear a baby properly is a difficult task, and only one person is sufficiently interested in this task to perform it well. That person is the baby's mother."

Mrs. Hipple smiled. "A young mother," she said, "was walking with her husband on the Atlantic City board walk. Suddenly she gave a little cry of pleasure."

"Oh, she said, 'there is nurse—nurse wheeling baby.'"

"And she ran lightly to the luxurious coach of leather, with its swan-shaped carriage and its rubber-tired wheels, and she pushed back the parasol that shaded the occupant from the sun."

"Then she gave a great start. 'Why, nurse,' she cried, 'where's baby?'"

"The nurse gasped. 'Goodness gracious, ma'am! I forgot to put him in!'"

Lord Milner, the former high commissioner for South Africa, has received through the duke of Somerset an address expressing appreciation of his services in South Africa signed by 370,000 persons.

We cannot expect the pleasure of friendship without the duty, the privilege without the responsibility.—Hugh Black, M. A.

Hasty Nervous Chewing of Food the Cause of Dyspepsia

If your teeth are fit, chew, chew, until the food is liquid and insists on being swallowed.

If teeth are faulty, soften Grape-Nuts with hot milk or cream, or allow to stand a minute soaking in cold cream.

"There's a reason," as follows:

Grape-Nuts food is in the form of hard and brittle granules, intended to be ground up by the teeth; that work not only preserves the teeth but brings down the saliva from the gums so necessary in the primary work of digestion.

Many people say (and it is true) that when they eat Grape-Nuts they seem able to digest not only that food but other kinds which formerly made trouble when eaten without Grape-Nuts.

Chew!

"There's a reason" for

Grape-Nuts

Unusual Vocations Taken Up by Two Young Ladies

One, Longing for Open-Air Life, Is Cultivating a Farm in the Wilds of Ozark Mountains—Teacher, Unable to Get School, Takes Up Blacksmithing.

Little Rock, Ark.—Out of St. Louis to the virgin wilds of the Ozarks has come Miss Amy Rosemary Miller, a city-bred stenographer, who has become a homesteader on her 80-acre square tract. Single-handed she entered into the project, and if determination, health, strength and grit count for anything she is going to transform the wilderness into a cultivated region.

Time was when business men in the Century building, St. Louis, sought her as the most reliable and accurate means of transcribing their letters. But the cramped and conventional life of the city palled upon her.

Unaccompanied by relatives or friends of the male sex, Miss Miller started for the Ozarks, erected a modest home of rough hewn logs, and is now living there alone and unmolested.

Before selecting the government land which was afterward allotted to her, Miss Miller took counsel from older heads and selected a well-watered tract, heavily timbered and near a public road in order to obtain the rural delivery service.

"Clearwater," as Miss Miller has named her farm, in the shape of a square, 80 acres long by 80 acres in width. This is the most economical shape, requiring the least amount of fencing material. Steel's creek, a branch of the Big Buffalo, runs through "Clearwater" from south to north, making a huge fork near the center, cutting the farm into three parts.

The creek roars down over several waterfalls in its winding course, disappearing here and there in the densely wooded part of the farm and emerging to traverse an open space with its banks lined with maiden ferns and violets.

There is a five-acre tract as level as a table between the prongs of the fork in the stream. This level space has been cleared and planted with 50 choice apple trees and a large number of grapevines. On other cleared parts of the farm Miss Miller has planted strawberries, raspberries, Concord grapes, peach, plum and cherry trees.

The hillside of the Ozark country are remarkably well adapted to the growth of the Arkansas black apple, and is the home of the famous Elberta peach. The conditions for a vineyard are ideal. With the extent of slope of mountain side facing the south and protected from the biting winds of the north by the huge hills, vines of every variety thrive and bear abundant fruit.

Out of her big tract, Miss Miller selected 160 acres on a hillside and contracted to have erected there a log house, 16x16 feet, having one window. When the house was completed in September, bidding farewell to St. Louis,



Miss Miller Handles a Plow with the Skill of a Farmer.

Miss Miller packed her two trunks with dishes, kettles, bedding and other household necessities and moved to the new home in the forest.

Miss Miller's mother was her guest for the first two or three weeks, during which they spent much time each evening barring and bolting the door and window against a possible intruder.

Lack of any call from unwelcome visitors has induced Miss Miller to leave the window unbarred and open in fair weather, and the door is closed only against prowling dogs. At one time she spent nine months alone in the little log cabin without a thought of fear.

Miss Miller says the easy familiarity of the mountaineers is bracing and encouraging when the bluntness wears

Bullfrog Ate Ten Chicks.

Winsted, Conn.—A Stepaney farmer missed one of his thoroughbred leg-horn chicks nearly every day till ten had mysteriously vanished. Because of his abdominal proportions a large bullfrog which made its home in the potato patch was suspected, as the chicks disappeared whenever they wandered among the vines. The frog was killed, and a post-mortem examination disclosed the remains of a chick.

Girl Elopes in Bare Feet.

Trinidad, Col.—Pretty Ruberta Lutz, aged 14 years, and John F. Gonzalez, aged 30 years, were arrested at a lumber camp located in the Snowy range, after eloping from the girl's home at Segundo. As the result of her feet being cut and bruised by rocks, and the walk of 12 miles in making the escape from her home, the girl is confined to her bed by the injuries.

off and one becomes accustomed to being addressed as "Howdy, Amy?"

The first name is always used and "howdy" is always the salutation. Introductions are entirely unnecessary, and if one lives in the same county the privilege of acquaintance is demanded.

Miss Miller's bill of expense for the undertaking shows \$14 for filing papers at the land office preparatory to taking possession of the 160 acres, \$25 for the log cabin and \$10.50 for the fence that surrounds it. Her living expenses for one year were \$1.50 per week.

She says she has no rent to pay, no car fare and no gas bills. There are no office hours, and she is her own boss.

School Teacher Makes Living as Blacksmith.

Lincoln, Neb.—Unable to secure an appointment as teacher in the rural school districts of Kansas where she resided, Mrs. Philo P. Wilcox has



Miss Wilcox Earns Her Living at the Anvil.

turned to blacksmithing, which was her husband's trade. In the last 15 years she has reared a family of four children, and as her husband failed in health she has worked more and more into the business until now in the suburb of College View she does all the work offered, with the aid of three of her children.

Horseshoeing is the only part of the business at which Mrs. Wilcox balks. She is able to prepare a horse for its shoes, but owing to the handicap of skirts cannot affix the shoes to the animal's hoofs in the style long approved by blacksmithing.

Mrs. Wilcox is 40. She has a clear complexion and her hardened muscles are evidence of the long hours she has put in at the forge.

During her girlhood days she received a good education and was a teacher when Wilcox married her at Roselle, Kan. In Kansas married women are not wanted as school-ma'ams and, barred out of teaching, she turned to the forge.

"I like the work," she says. "At first the tendency of people to stop and stare was disconcerting. But now I don't mind it. I know of no other woman blacksmith in the country."

"Most of my work is in using the sledge, making horseshoes, repairing wagons and farm implements, sharpening tools and the like. I am kept busy all the time. One of the girls take care of the house and the other three help in the shop."

"Two of my girls, aged 17 and 15 respectively, are expert bicycle repairers. One makes from five to eight dollars a week at this work. The oldest is a natural-born mechanic. She can take the most complicated machinery to pieces, tell what is wrong, repair it and put it together again."

"My husband is now in Mexico for his health. The work is hard upon him, but the rest of us like it and thrive upon it."

"My oldest girl went out last summer with a thrashing machine outfit and was with it all summer. She cut bands, fired the engine, fed the separator and did part of the cooking for the men. It is hardly girl's work, but it does not harm her. She is as lithe and strong as a young lion and in bicycle races has proved more than a match at long distances for the young men in the neighborhood."

"I still have a license to teach and shall turn to that this winter, when the blacksmithing is duller. I like this work better than the schoolroom."

SOME FISH SALADS.

APPETIZING DISHES EASILY AND 'NEXPENSIVELY MADE.

Herring, Sardine, Salmon and Lobster Salads, That You Can Prepare Quickly in Cases of Emergency That Will Arise.

HERRING SALAD.—Heat through by turning on the stove three well smoked herring, then tear off the heads and pull the skin away, split, take out the backbones, and cut up into small bits, or to shred them is better. Put in a salad bowl, add one small chopped onion, two hard boiled, chopped eggs, and one boiled potato; cut fine with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; season with a teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and two of oil. Mix well, and if you have it, decorate with a boiled beet.

SARDINE SALAD.—Allow three sardines for each person; bone and fillet these, carefully removing all the skins, and set them aside until required. Boil two eggs for three minutes, shell them, and break them up in your salad bowl with a spoon; mix with them a teaspoonful each of French mustard and essence of anchovies, the strained oil from the tin of sardines with as much oil as will make three teaspoonfuls in all; add chilli, shallot, and good malt vinegar to taste. Cut up some nice crisp lettuce and mix it well with the dressing, but only just before it is to be served. Put a little heap of mustard and cress in the center of the salad, with a whole red capsicum upon it. Arrange the sardines round, and outside these a border of mustard and cress dotted here and there with slices of red capsicum.

SALMON SALAD.—One quart of cooked salmon, two heads of lettuce, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one of vinegar, two of capers, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, a cupful of mayonnaise dressing or the French dressing. Break up the salmon with two silver forks. Add to it the salt, pepper, vinegar, and lemon juice. Put in the ice chest or some other cold place for two or three hours. Prepare the lettuce as directed for lobster salad. At serving time pick out leaves enough to border the dish. Cut or tear the remainder in pieces and arrange these in the center of a flat dish. On them heap the salmon lightly and cover with the dressing. Now sprinkle on the capers. Arrange the whole leaves at the base, and, if you choose, lay one-fourth of a thin slice of lemon on each leaf.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Put a large lobster over the fire in boiling water slightly salted; boil rapidly for about 20 minutes; when done it will be of a bright red color and should be removed, as, if boiled too long, it will be tough; when cold, crack the claws after first disjointing, twist off the head, which is used in garnishing; split the body in two lengthwise; pick out the meat in bits not too fine, saving the coral separate; cut up a large head slightly and place on a dish, over which lay the lobster, putting the coral around the outside. For dressing take the yolks of three eggs, beat well, add four tablespoons salad oil, dropping it in slowly, beating all the time; then add a little salt, cayenne pepper, half teaspoon mixed mustard, and two tablespoons vinegar. Pour this over the lobster just before sending to table.

About Expenses. Young housekeepers so often utter the plaint: "I can buy the ordinary food for three meals a day on my table allowance, but there are so many extras."

A woman of many years' experience accustomed to working domestic miracles with an infinitesimal income, once said:

"I would never have kept out of the poorhouse if I had not had a system. I make a list of the sundries, without which no house is complete—soap, starch, flour, salt, etc.—and keep it under my eye. Each week I apportion so much money for my sundries and buy something. Thus I never find myself face to face with an empty saltbox or vinegar jug at a time when there is no money to fill the lack."

Sweet Potato Pudding. Peel and wash a large sweet potato, wipe dry, and grate with a large grater. While the potato is being grated heat one quart of milk, stir a cup of the grated potato into the hot milk, and let it boil. Meantime beat four eggs to a cream, add one tablespoon butter to the milk and potatoes, and take them off the fire. Stir the beaten eggs with the milk and potatoes, season the pudding palatably with salt and pepper, and put into an earthen dish and bake for 20 minutes, or until the custard is firm. Serve hot as a vegetable.

For Cleaning Marble. To clean marble, take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone and one part of finely powdered salt. Sift the mixture through a fine sieve and mix it with water, then rub it well over the marble and the stains will be removed. Rub the marble over with salt and water, then wash off and wipe dry.

Best Fruits for Jellies.

The most desirable fruits for jelly making after currants are crab apples, quinces, grapes, blackberries, raspberries and peaches. If the fruit is used before it is fully ripe it makes a clearer jelly and a gentle simmering with no stirring will make it of finer grain.

TERRIBLE SCALY ECZEMA.

Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out—Cured by Cuticura.

"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower; but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuticura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. It is now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have more faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases than anything I know of. Emma E. Wilson, Lincoln, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1905."

There is nothing truer than a sister's love—for some other chap.

PURITAN FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling. Safe, beautiful colors. 10c per package.

Anything but Friendly.

"You astonish me. Your engagement with Miss Welpho is broken, is it? Are the relations between you still friendly?"

"I should say not! The relations between us are her relations, and they're my bitter enemies."—Chicago Tribune.

War on Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society has adopted a new plan to fight the liquor traffic. It is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in coffee or food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell the recipes, but give free copies to friends. Their address is Room 19, Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Seeking Only Bare Justice.

Creditor—So you've come around at last to pay me what you owe me, have you?

Debtor—Not at all—just the contrary. You made a statement at the club last night that I owed you 600 marks. As a matter of fact the accounts show I only owe you 560. I've come around to collect that balance of 40.

Swords Into a Plow.

During the centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1876 the members of the Universal Peace union assembled to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the order.

A number of officers and descendants of officers gave their swords to be made into a plow as a symbol of peace. The weapons were afterward fashioned into a homely agricultural implement, which, however, instead of being a plow, took the shape of the ordinary field cultivator.

This cultivator may now be seen in the hall at Geneva, Switzerland. Over it is an inscription giving the history of the implement.

STOP, WOMAN!

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private life to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, and for many years under her direction, and since her decease, her advice has been freely given to sick women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result:

First letter.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have a severe female trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me.—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 50th and E. Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

Second letter.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you my testimonial, that others may know their value and what you have done for me.

Nothing Succeeds Like "EGG-O-SEE."

The man who preaches the best sermon; the man who tells the funniest stories; the man who keeps the best store; or the man who makes the best goods, soon finds that people come to him. Merit is the best advertisement in the world. People speak well of things they know are good. They pass the good word along.

The best breakfast food is "EGG-O-SEE," for it contains all the life-giving properties of nature's best food, which is Wheat.

EGG-O-SEE is deeply in debt to the thousands of wives and mothers who use it in their homes, for these good women tell their neighbors about this great food.

Children and aged persons alike are friends of EGG-O-SEE.

Merit and common sense are things that advertise EGG-O-SEE most. EGG-O-SEE is cheap. A 10-cent package contains ten liberal breakfasts. EGG-O-SEE is sold everywhere. Grocers must keep it if they want to keep their good customers, for good customers insist on buying EGG-O-SEE.

The fact that no preparation, no cooking, is required, makes EGG-O-SEE very popular. Open the package; put in as much as you like in a dish; pour on milk or cream and eat. It is delicious. It is wholesome. It makes you strong.

A lot of interesting facts about EGG-O-SEE have been published in book form entitled, "—back to nature." This book also has a course of physical culture—fully illustrated. Anyone wishing this book will receive it free by addressing EGG-O-SEE Company, 10 First St., Quincy, Ill.

Tact.

He had crossed her and she was in a dangerous mood.

"See!" she hissed, pointing her finger at him, "see how you have worked up my feelings. Why, I am purple with rage."

But the young man only smiled.

"So becoming," he mused, softly.

"What is becoming, sir?"

"Why, the purple. It just matches that purple waist you have on."

And the next moment she was all smiles and telling her girl friends that George was the cleverest chap in the world.

"Cut out hot cream of tartar biscuit" used to be a common, every-day remark among physicians when discussing items of diet for their patients. But alum baking powder biscuits are never mentioned in this respect. Why? Because it's the cream of tartar that is objectionable and injurious, and yet there are some people who to-day continue to use the old cream of tartar baking powder, and wonder why they are always ailing.

Charged for Using French.

For speaking French to him, a landlord of a Dueseldorf hotel recently charged a guest extra in his bill.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

And no mere man knows what it is to be a woman.



"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realize the value of writing to you and your remedy."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 50th and E. Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.